

## WANTED: A HOME FOR A BABY



I guess I'll try these folks

# HEART of the SUNSET by REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Iron Trail,"  
"The Silver Horde," Etc.



## SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—Set afoot and alone by an accident in the desert near the Rio Grande Mrs. Alaire Austin, mistress of Las Palmas and La Feria ranches, meets Dave Law, Texas ranger, at a water hole and is compelled to spend the night there with him, as he is in ambush for a murderer and cannot leave his post.

Chapter II—Next day at evening the murderer appears with a companion.

Chapter III—Law captures the murderer but is compelled to kill his companion, Panfilo Sanchez, who happens to be a cousin of Mrs. Austin's horse-breaker, Jose Sanchez.

## CHAPTER IV.

## At Las Palmas.

Although the lower counties of southwest Texas are flat and badly watered, they possess a rich soil. They are favored, too, by a kindly climate, sub-tropic in its mildness. The Rio Grande, jaundiced, erratic as an invalid, wrings its sallow blood from the clay bluffs and gravel canyons of the hill country, but near its estuary winds quickly through a low coastal plain where the very impurities of that blood have richened. Here the river's banks are smothered in thickets of huisache, ebony, mesquite, oak and alamo.

Railroads are so scarce along this division of the border that to travel from Brownsville north along the international line one must, for several hundred miles, avail oneself of horses, mules or moccasins, since rail transportation is almost lacking. And on his way the traveler will traverse whole counties where the houses are jacals, where English is a foreign tongue, and where sheep flow their fields with crooked sticks as did the ancient Egyptians.

That part of the state which lies below the Nueces river was for a time disputed territory, and long after Texans had given their lives to drive the eagle of Mexico across the Rio Grande much of it remained a forbidden land. Even today it is alien. It is a part of our Southland, but a South different to any other that we have. Within it there are no blacks, and yet the whites number but one in twenty. The rest are swarthy, black-haired men who speak the Spanish tongue and whose citizenship is mostly a matter of form.

The stockmen, pushing ahead of the nesters and the tillers of the soil, were the first to invade the lower Rio Grande, and among these "Old Ed" Austin was a pioneer. Like the other cattle barons, he was hungry for land and took it where or how he could. Those were crude old days; the pioneers who pushed their herds into the far pastures were lawless fellows, ruthless, acquisitive, mastered by the empire-builder's urge for acres and still more acres.

As other ranches grew under the hands of such unscrupulous owners, so also under "Old Ed" Austin's management did Las Palmas increase and prosper. It comprised an expanse of rich river-land backed by miles of range where "Box A" cattle lived and bred. In his later years when the old man had reached Las Palmas to his son, "Young Ed," as a wedding gift, the ranch was known far and wide for its size and richness. Las Palmas had changed greatly since Austin, senior, painfully scrawled his slanting signature to the deed. It was a different ranch now to what the old man had known; indeed, it was doubtful if he would have recognized it, for even the house was new.

Alaire had some such thought in mind as she rode up to the gate on the afternoon following her departure from the water hole, and she felt a thrill of pride at the acres of sprouting corn, the dense green field of alfalfa so nicely fitted between the fences. They were like clean, green squares of mating ground for the feet of summer. A Mexican boy came running to care

for her horse, a Mexican woman greeted her as she entered the wide, cool hall and went to her room. Dolores fixed a bath and laid out clean clothes with a running accompaniment of chatter concerned with household affairs. She was a great gossip, and possessed such a talent for gaining information that through her husband, Benito, the range boss, she was able to keep her mistress in fairly intimate touch with ranch matters.

Alaire, as she leisurely dressed herself, acknowledged that it was good to feel the physical comforts of her own house, even though her homecoming gave her no especial joy. She made it a religious practice to dress for dinner, regardless of Ed's presence, though often for weeks at a time she sat in solitary state, presiding over an empty table. Tonight, Ed was at home. It was with a grave preoccupation that she made herself ready to meet him.

In the dining room, Ed acknowledged his wife's entrance with a careless nod, but did not trouble to remove his hands from his pockets. As he seated himself heavily at the table and with unsteady fingers shook the folds from his napkin, he said:

"You stayed longer than you intended. Um—um—you were gone three days, weren't you?"

"Four days," Alaire told him, realizing with a little inward start how very far apart she and Ed had drifted. She looked at him curiously for an instant, wondering if he really could be her husband, or—if he were not some peculiarly disagreeable stranger. Ed had been a handsome boy, but he was growing fat from drink and soft from idleness; his face was too full, his eyes too sluggish; there was an unhealthy redness in his cheeks. In contrast to his wife's semi-formal dress, he was unkempt—unshaven and soiled. His preparations for dinner this evening had been characteristically simple; he had drunk three dry cocktails and flung his sombrero into a corner.

"I've been busy while you were gone," he announced. "Been down to the pump house every day laying that new intake. It was a nasty job, too. I had Morales barbecue a cabrito for my lunch, and it was good, but I'm hungry again." Austin attacked his meal with an enthusiasm strange in him. He was a heavy and a constant drinker at all times. What little exercise he took was upon the back of a horse, and as no one knew better than his wife, the physical powers he once had were rapidly deteriorating.

By and by he inquired, vaguely: "Let's see. . . . Where did you go this time?"

"I went up to look over the Ygnacio tract."

"Oh, yes. Think you'll lease it?"

"I don't know. I must find some place for those La Feria cattle."

Austin shook his head. "Better leave 'em where they are, until the rebels take that country. I stand mighty well with them."

"That's the trouble," Alaire told him. "You stand too well—so well that I want to get my stock out of federal territory as soon as possible."

Ed shrugged carelessly. "Suit yourself; they're your cows." The meal went on with a desultory flow of small talk, during which the husband indulged his thirst freely. Alaire told him about the accident to her horse and the unpleasant ordeal she had suffered in the mesquite.

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must have met accidentally. "So they both declared. Why did you let Panfilo go?" "We didn't need him here, and he was too good a man to lose, so—" Ed



## "Who Was This Ranger?"

found his wife's eyes fixed upon him, and dropped his own. "I knew you were short-handed at La Feria." There was an interval of silence, then Ed exclaimed, testily, "What are you looking at?"

"I wondered what you'd say." "Ed? Can't I fire a man without a long-winded explanation? Just because I've let you run things to suit your-

"Wait! We had our understanding." Alaire's voice was low and vibrant. "It was my payment for living with you, and you know it. You gave me the reins to Las Palmas so that I'd have something to do, something to live for and think about, except—your actions. The ranch has doubled in value, every penny is accounted for, and you have more money to spend on yourself than ever before. You have no reason to complain."

Austin crushed his napkin into a ball and flung it from him; with a scowl he shoved himself back from the table.

"It was an idiotic arrangement, just the same. I agreed because I was sick. Dad thought I was all shot to pieces. But I'm all right now and able to run my own business."

"Nevertheless, it was a bargain, and it will stand. If your father were alive he'd make you live up to it."

"You talk as if I were a child," shouted her husband; and his plump face was apoplectic with rage. "The title is in my name. How could he make me do anything?"

"Nobody could force you," his wife said, quietly. "You are still enough of a man to keep your word, I believe, so long as I observe my part of our bargain."

Ed, slightly mollified, agreed. "Of course I am; I never wavered. But I won't be treated as an incompetent, and I'm tired of these eternal wrangles and jangles."

"You have wavered," "Ed?" Austin frowned belligerently. "You agreed to go away when you felt your appetite coming on, and you promised to live clean, at least around home."

"Well?"

Alaire went on in a lifeless tone that covered the seething emotions within her. "I never inquire into your actions at San Antonio or other large cities, although of course I have ears and I can't help hearing about them; but these border towns are home to us, and people know me. I won't be humiliated more than I am; public pity is—hard enough to bear. I've about reached the breaking point."

"Indeed?" Austin leaned forward, his eyes inflamed. His tone was raised, heedless of possible eavesdroppers. "Then why don't you end it? Why don't you divorce me? I never see anything of you. You have your part of the house and I have mine; all we share in common is meal hours, and—and a mail address."

Alaire turned upon him eyes dark with misery. "You know why I don't divorce you. No, Ed, we're going to live out our agreement, and those Brownsville episodes are going to cease." Her lips whitened. "So are your visits to the pumping station."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You transferred Panfilo because he was growing jealous of you and Rosa."

Ed burst into sudden laughter. "There's no harm in a little flirtation. Rosa's a pretty girl."

His wife uttered a breathless, smothered exclamation; her hands, as they lay on the table cloth, were tightly clenched. "She's your tenant—almost your servant. What kind of a man are you? Haven't you any decency left?"

"Say! Go easy! I guess I'm no different to most men." Austin's unpleasant laughter had been succeeded by a still more unpleasant scowl. "I have to do something. It's dead enough around here."

"You must stop doing that," said Alaire.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## GUARDED BRIDGES

Naval Militiamen, on Patrol,  
Searched Every Vehicle.

WATCHED FOR EXPLOSIVES.

When Break With Germany Came Particular Attention Was Centered on Brooklyn and Manhattan Spans, as Destruction Would Prevent Egress of War Vessels From Navy Yard.

New York.—With machine guns and three pounders stationed at the bases and naval militiamen patrolling the spans with bayoneted rifles, the Brooklyn, Manhattan, Williamsburg, Queensboro and Hell Gate bridges took on the appearance of stern preparedness against war immediately following the severance of diplomatic relations.

The automobilist who motored across the bridges was held up as he charged to the bridge and as he left the structure by blue uniformed naval militiamen who insisted on searching each vehicle for explosives.

"Keep moving" was the spirit imparted to all who used the bridges



Photo by American Press Association.

## GUARD ON MANHATTAN BRIDGE.

and were inclined to linger and watch the guard mount. Sharp bayonets emphasized the commands. Trolley cars sped from end to end of the bridges without a pause. The street car companies had been ordered to permit no hesitation by motormen.

Among the naval militiamen who answered the call to report was Vincent Astor.

There are about 2,000 men in the New York organization of the naval militia, but only the first and second battalions were originally called upon to contribute detachments. The first battalion had headquarters aboard the Granite State, at the foot of West Ninety-ninth street, where Commodore Forsberg had his headquarters.

The second battalion, commanded by Captain Fitzgerald, was situated at the foot of Fifty-fifth street, South Brooklyn. Captain Fitzgerald established headquarters in the Hotel Sinclair, Brooklyn.

From seventy-five to ninety men were detailed to each of the bridges. Groups were stationed at the anchorages and pier bases of the bridges, and from these points searchlights were flashed. Air flights were suspended from the bridge doorings.

A fifty foot dead line, prohibiting vessels from approaching nearer than fifty feet of piers of the bridges, was established. It was enforced by five tugs of the naval militia. These tugs cruise up and down the river. Each

had five men armed with rifles besides an officer. The squadron was in command of Ensign Russell.

Particular attention was centered on guarding the Brooklyn and Manhattan bridges, inasmuch as destruction of either of these structures would prevent egress of war vessels from the navy yard.

Besides the militiamen, a company of sailors from the battleship New Jersey were in duty on the Hell Gate railway bridge.

## Classified Advertising

## For Rent

Advertisements will be inserted in this column not exceeding five lines, one time, 15 cents; three times, 35 cents; one week, 50 cents. Each line over five, 10 cents per week additional. All advertisements in this column must be paid in advance.

FOR RENT—Houses. Inquire of or telephone M. N. Armstrong.

FOR RENT—Single office room, \$6.00 per month. Desk room \$3.00 per month. College Bldg. Thorough modern steam. W. C. Vittum.

## For Sale

FOR SALE—One safe, best make. Cheap if taken at once.

FOR SALE—C melody saxophone in case, \$75.00. Hupp & Sowers, Streator, Ill.

FOR SALE—"Dayton" Scale as good as new. Sold reasonable if taken at once. Inquire at 719 Washington St. or call 663-Y.

FOR SALE—160 acres land, the Patrick Keenan estate, 7 miles west of Streator. Inquire John J. Foster, Agt., 505 So. Ottawa St., Joliet, Ill.

FOR SALE—Eight room house on Norris street, electric lights, bath, hot and cold water, new barn in rear of lot. Price reasonable. Inquire of Tel. 439-X. Geo. Gahan.

PIANO FOR SALE—I have a player piano here in Ottawa. Will sell at a great reduction to save storage (payments). Write W. W. Hunch, Aurora, Ill.

FOR SALE—Five passenger six cylinder Chalmers, good as new, fun 5000 miles, electric lights and self-starter. Inquire Miss Ora Hansen 719 West Washington St., Ottawa, Ill., or phone 663-Y.

Long Eagle Flight. Tagged in Montana, It Was Killed Near Bogota, Colombia.

El Centro, Mont.—P. B. Christian of Route No. 1, box 62, El Centro, while in Chetumal, Mont., Aug. 19, caught a golden eagle in his wheat field.

He released the bird the next day with a small bottle containing his name and address tied to its leg.

Mr. Christian recently received a message from Luis Felipe Roldan, in the Republic of Colombia, stating that Roldan killed the eagle Oct. 23, 1916.

The eagle flew 3,700 miles from Montana to the plains north of Bogota.

When the bird was captured Mr. Christian planned to keep it as a pet, but it evinced such a desire to get away that he decided to mark it in some manner so as to determine its habits.

Mr. Christian said that the bird was on its way south when it landed in his field exhausted.

"The typewriter has limitations."

"Ed?"

"When you're writing with a pen and don't know how to spell a word you can drop a blot."—Kansas City Journal.

Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money.

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c and mail it to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for bronchial and la grippe coughs; Foley Kidney Pills, for lame back, weak kidneys, rheumatism, bladder troubles and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a whole-some and thoroughly cleansing cathartic, for constipation, biliousness, headache and sluggish bowels. W. D. Duncan, Pruggist.

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STEAL CHICKENS, BUT LEAVE AN AUTOMOBILE

Kansas City, Mo.—Chicken thieves who robbed the hen-roost of a farmer near this city the other night were unable to get their automobile started to work, so they left the driver behind. Although the farmer appropriated the machine for the two dozen chickens stolen, he said he thought the thieves got something the better of the bargain.

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## Professional Cards

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Attorney at law, 210-211 Moloney  
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Phones, office, Main 215-R; resi-  
dence, 882-X. Moloney Bldg., Otta-  
wa, Illinois.

CHICAGO, OTTAWA & PEORIA  
RAILWAY

(Effective Oct. 1, 1916.)

## EASTBOUND.

Eastbound cars leave Ottawa station for Rockford, Seneca, Morris, Minooka, Marekale and Joliet.

In a. m.—6:50, 7:50, 9:50, 11:50.

In p. m.—1:50, 2:50, 3:50, 4:50, 5:50, 6:50, 9:00, 11:00.

Cars arrive from the west at 8:45 a. m., 7:45 p. m., 9:45 p. m., 11:33 p. m., 1:00 a. m.

## WESTBOUND.

Westbound cars leave Ottawa station for Chautauqua Park, Starved Rock, Utica, La Salle, Peru, Spring Valley, Ladd, DePue, Bureau and Princeton.

In a. m., 5:10, 6:50, 8:30, 9:50, 11:50.

In p. m.—1:50, 2:50, 3:50, 4:50, 5:50, 6:50, 9:50, 11:50.

Cars arrive from the east at 10:50 a. m., 3:50 p. m., 12:42 a. m.

## SOUTHBOUND.

Southbound cars leave Ottawa station for McKinley Park, Grand Ridge and Streator.

In a. m.—5:50, 6:50, 7:50, 9:50, 11:50.

In p. m.—1:50, 3:50, 5:50, 8:00, 11:00.

dDaily except Sunday.

\*Marekale, Seneca, Morris and intermediate points only.

xLadd and intermediate points only.

@La Salle and intermediate points only.

ALWAYS BUY TICKETS AND SAVE MONEY.

QUICK DELIVERY OF FREIGHT AT LOW RATES.

WELLS FARGO EXPRESS.

\*PHONE AGENTS FOR FULL INFORMATION.

## Announcements.

For Commissioner.

Thomas Morgan desires to announce himself as a candidate for Highway Commissioner for the town of Ottawa subject to the decision of the Democratic town primaries.

For Commissioner.

James White announces himself as a candidate for Highway Commissioner subject to the decision of the Democratic town primaries.

For Commissioner.

Julie F. Vallat desires to announce herself as a candidate for highway commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic town primary.

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